

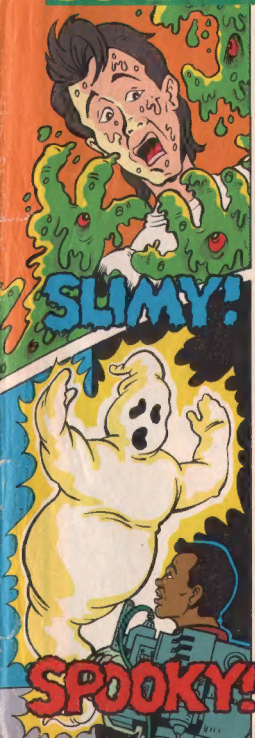
MARVEL
30th July 88

THE REAL

№10 38p
© 1984 Columbia Pictures
Industries Inc.

GHSTBUSTERS™

3 GREAT STORIES INSIDE!





Will you ever be able to sleep again? This issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** is packed with enough adventure and excitement to keep even the doziest sloth from his slumber! If this doesn't convince you, you may find you'll never want to sleep again once you've witnessed Peter's ordeal in **Frightmare**, a horrifying, hallucinatory experience of the subconscious kind. Winston has a similar experience in **The Worst Ghost in the World**, during waking hours, except *his* torment turns out to be more of a spoof than a spook!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS: On call for the zapping of phantoms, freaks and other ethereal anomalies, twenty-four hours a day, even while they sleep!

CONTENTS

Frightmare!	3
Slime Time!	11
Corn of the Dead!	12
Ghostbusters Fact File: Trapping Equipment	15
Spengler's Spirit Guide	16
The Worst Ghost in the World!	17
Ghost Writing	21
Next Issue/Blimey! It's Slimer!	23

Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **TIM PERKINS**
 Editor **RICHARD STARKINGS** Assistant Editor **HELEN STONE**
 Spiritual Guide **DAN ABNETT**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ is published by **MARVEL COMICS LTD.**, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** title, logo design (including the HO logo featured on this page), characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1988 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The **GHOSTBUSTERS** logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1988 Marvel Comics Ltd., a New World Company. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

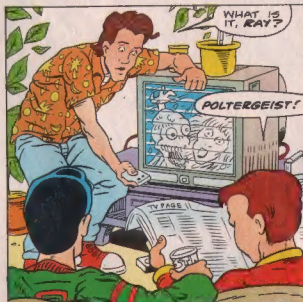


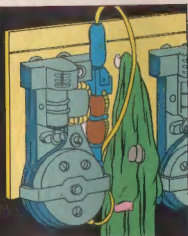
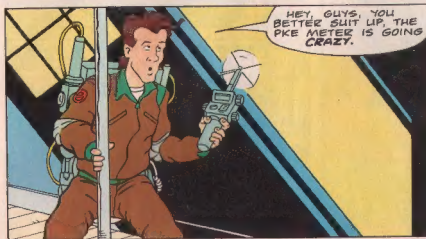
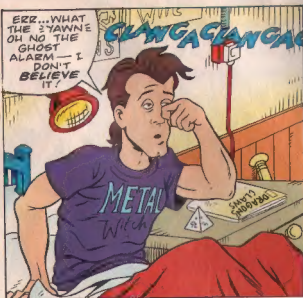
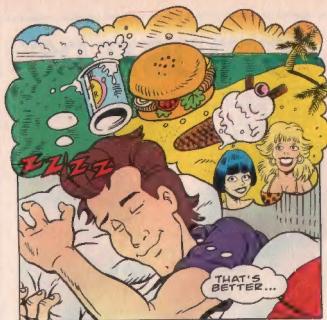
JANINE MELNITZ

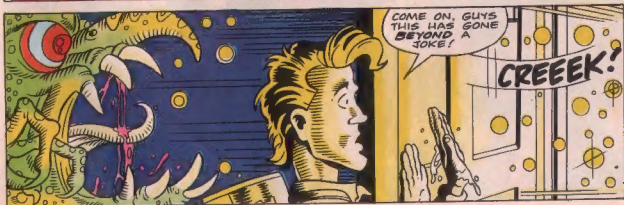


SLIMER

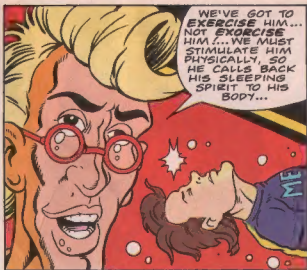
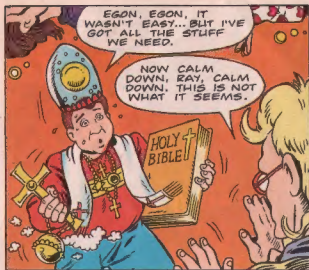
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

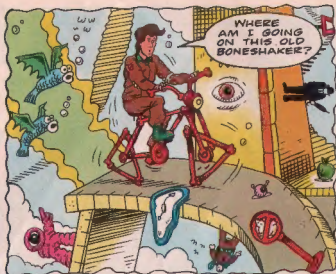
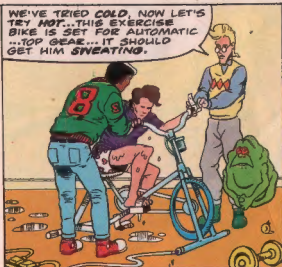














**QUESTION: HOW MANY BEST
SELLING COMICS CAN YOU BUY FOR
THE PRICE OF ONLY ONE?**
ANSWER:



ON SALE NOW • ONLY 75p • FROM MARVEL

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What did the ghost teacher say to her pupils?

Watch the board and I will go through it again!

— Declan Loftus, Co Mayo

What do ghouls love to drink?

Tomb-ato juice!

— Matthew Hegarty, Surrey

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Boo!

Boo who?

There's no need to cry, it's only a joke!

— Daniel Clinah, Kent

What was Slimer doing on the motorway?

About ninety miles per hour!

— Joanna Louise May, Northants

What goes green, red, green, red, green, red?

Slimer rolling down a grassy bank!

What is green, black and white?

Slimer, sliming across a zebra crossing!

— Nicholas Dewton, Kent

What room do ghosts stay away from?

The living room!

— Gary Kinsella, Dunstable

What do you call a twin ghost that goes round ringing doorbells?

A Deadringer!

— Andrew Nye, Co. Durham

How does a werewolf send his letters?

By Hair-Mail!

— Robert Blanks, Surrey

What is a vampire's favourite breakfast?

Ready-neck!

— Stephen Foote, Somerset

How does a one-fanged vampire get by?

He has to grin and bear it!

— Simon Powell, No fixed abode

Why do skeletons hate winter?

Because the cold goes right through them!

— Jack Blanchard, Bristol

What did the girl spirit say to the boy spirit?

You don't stand a ghost of a chance with me!

— Louise Mullock, Bradford

Did you hear about the vampire race?

It was a tie, they finished neck and neck!

— John Stokes, Worcester

Where are mathematicians buried?

In the symmetry!

— Bryan Holt, Middlesbrough

What is green and sits in the corner?

A naughty Slimer!

— Ian Watson, Arbroath



Story DAN ABNETT ☯ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and TIM PERKINS

Winston was of course very excited, but Ray had other things on his mind.

Egon had dragged Peter off for a fortnight Bigfoot hunt in Maine, leaving the two stalwart 'Busters, Ray and Winston, in charge of the business. After a couple of days, their differences began to show. Ray had become singlemindedly busy building a Holographic Spectro-image Enhancer' from designs Egon had made before he had left. This device, which Peter had nick-named the 'Snap-o-Plasm', was intended to allow the 'Busters to holographically detect any ectoplasmic entity during the course of their work.

Winston, on the other hand, had become engrossed in a corn flake packet. Chomping his way through his Fibre-Wheaties one morning, Winston had nearly gagged when he saw the advert on the back of the packet. In bold type, it announced the release of a blockbuster new movie called *Terror of the Dead Thing*, a mega-buck film that was based on a early 'sixties TV show of the same name. Winston had watched the show as a kid and it still gave him bad dreams. *Exciting* bad dreams.

The cereal packet gave away a free plastic toy of the 'Dead Thing' that everybody in the sixties had found so terrifying, and on the reverse of the carton, had a cut-out free ticket to the film premiere. Winston was determined to go, a fact that he told Ray as he busily marched his plastic Dead Thing across the breakfast table whilst making suitably terrifying growling noises. It was, he said, a cinema event. It was also, he added, not to be missed.

Ray decided he would miss it, and packed Winston off to the screening, explaining that he would hold the fort and finish the Snap-o-Plasm. Sorry, the Holographic Spectro-image Enhancer.

All was quiet in the Ghostbusters' HQ as Ray pottered around with the new gizmo. Shaped like a camera, the Snap-o-Plasm was still in need of testing. Ray searched for a suitable subject. Balancing the inch-high plastic Dead Thing on the edge of the sink, Ray took careful aim, focussed, and pressed the shutter.

SNAP! went the Snap-o-Plasm, and suddenly, nothing happened.

As if to prove it, nothing happened again.

Then the Dead Thing fell off the sink and Ray wandered back to the lab to make some fine-tuning adjustments like rebuilding the gizmo from scratch.

It was while Ray administered some fine tuning to the Snap-o-Plasm with a large hammer, that he heard the rasping noise. It was a low, sinister rumbling, the sort of growling that Winston would make if he was playing with a plastic toy on the breakfast table.

Ray put down the hammer and went to the door of the lab.

"WINSTON," he called. "Funny joke. Now why are you back so soon?"



Something that definitely wasn't Winston growled at him from the stairhead. As far as Ray was concerned, the thing in the hall was much less like Winston than it was like an eight foot replica of the plastic Dead Thing that was supposedly terrifying. Usefully, it was indeed completely terrifying, so Ray didn't have to spend more than say, ooh, three seconds deciding he was in serious trouble before he locked himself in the lab with the strange and rather hasty cry of "Eeuurrk!"

'Eeuurrk!' was, coincidentally, exactly the cry that unfortunate victims of the Dead Thing uttered regularly during the course of the sixties TV show *Terror of the Dead Thing*. At that point, however, Ray would have been even less interested in this fact than usual.

Casually crouching beneath the Lab bench, Ray thought fast. Three things occurred to him:

- 1) He was in serious trouble.
- 2) He would rather be at the pictures.
- 3) He wasn't at the pictures and therefore was still in serious trouble (see 1).

As the growling noise from before became a rasping noise and a hooked talon the length of a bread knife sliced through the door as easily as someone opening a soggy envelope, Ray had a fourth thought. It was this:

- 4) As of four seconds ago, (ie, when the hooked talon etc) he was in even more serious trouble than usual.

Ray decided to climb on the desk, pretend he was a bunsen burner, and hope that the Dead Thing would not notice him.

Crouching on the bench, Ray, whose impression of a bunsen burner was admirable given the circumstances, thought fast for the second time in as many minutes. The Dead Thing coming through the closed door of the lab was an animated ecto-form of the plastic toy from the cornflake packet which he had brought to life with the Snap-o-Plasm. Due to the circumstances, Ray called it a Snap-o-Plasm rather than Holographic Spectro-Enhancement Doohickey Thingamajig.

Whatever it was called anyway, Ray decided that the gizmo was the only way out of this serious trouble. Reverse the Process, he thought, and everything will be all right.

Reaching out a hand in a tentative, bunsen burnerish way, Ray grasped the gizmo. Some of the gizmo, anyway, as he had hit it particularly hard with the hammer and most of its component pieces were scattered across the bench top.

The door now resembled a bit of tissue paper after a particularly heavy rainstorm, and most of the Dead Thing was through into the lab. The Dead Thing was huge and dark, with talons, scales, great big pointy teeth, too many horns, too many eyes and not enough endearing features.

It growled in a manner more entertaining at the breakfast table.

"Eeuurrk!" replied Ray.

Wishing that he'd seen the film and therefore knew how things ended up at the final

credits, Ray reversed the holographical exposure, took careful aim, focussed and pressed the shutter.

SPRUNG CHAK SNAP WHIRR. . . I went the Snap-o-Plasm.

Nothing happened abruptly, and confirmed it had by not doing it again. "Oh well" thought Ray the bunsen burner, imagining a paper headline 'FAMOUS GHOSTBUSTER GOBBLED BY PLASTIC TOY.'

Then gradually, the Dead Thing disintegrated like a bad TV special effect from the early sixties.

By the time it reached the bench, it had decayed into little chips that resembled nothing more than old cornflakes.

"Eeuurrk!" muttered the Dead Thing just before this happened.

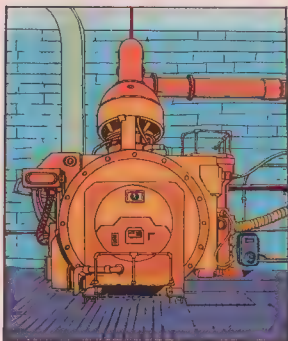
When Winston came home, he found Ray sweeping Corn Flakes up off the lab floor, which he thought was unusual, but said nothing about. *Terror of the Dead Thing - the Movie* he described as 'exciting' and 'very very terrifying'. He intended to turn in early, he said, so that he could enjoy having nightmares about it like he had done when he had been a kid. "You should've come along, Ray," Winston said as he went up stairs. "The special effects were so good, you'd have believed the Dead Thing was real."

"Yeah," said Ray. "They were okay, I guess. . ."

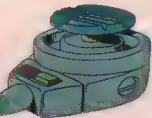
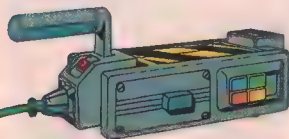


ECTO- CONTAINMENT UNIT

This is the centre of the Ghostbusting business. The ecto-containment unit is a vast chamber situated in the basement of the HQ. Captured ghosts are deposited in the unit where they are held indefinitely behind an ion grid.



GHOST TRAP



These are shoebox-sized, portable containment units which are used to temporarily entrap a ghost so that the Ghostbusters can bring it back to the main containment unit. Once the ghost is held in the proton beam, it is drawn into the trap and secured there, until it is disposed of in the main containment unit in the basement of Ghostbusters' HQ.

SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

Only yesterday, Winston was telling me about his great uncle Jerome Zeddmore, who apparently had been gifted with the power of prophetic dreams. It occurred to me that dreams and visions would be a good subject to detail in the Guide, so here goes.

THE DREAMSTATE

Human beings sleep in cycles of deep and shallow sleep. The shallow sleep is the time when dreams occur. Although unconscious, the mind is active and the body experiences what is known as REM sleep. REM stands for Rapid Eye Movement, and the flickering motion of the pupil under closed lids is a sign that the sleeping mind is fully engaged in a dreamstate. With me so far?

Well now, some paranatural specialists believe that in this state, the mind is capable of entering the spirit world and experiencing the wonders of the SUPERCOSMOS. Dr Richard E. Dozer of the Southern California Institute for Non-Awake Activities has written several books on the subject, among them *The Gateway of Sleep*, *The Vale of Dreams*, *Dropping off and the Visionary Investigator* and the best-selling *Forty Winks: Key to the Future*. I have tried to read these books, and have found Dr Dozer's soporific style demonstrates precisely his theories: I fall asleep reading them and have a blinding dream vision in



PART 10

which I realise fully that I will never be able to stay awake long enough to finish them.

GLIMPING THE SUPERCOSMOS: What is the point?

You may well ask. According to Juanitta Luis Cantalope, the Brazilian mystic, in seeing the Supercosmos, we may witness events of our own future and thus predict our fates. Many experts poo-poo Ms Cantalope's theory, but she seemed quite definite about it when I visited her in her delightfully furnished padded cell in Rio de Janeiro.

DREAMING THE FUTURE

Most famous of the prophetic dreamers is, of course, the fourteenth century french monk Nestorgrampus. His predictions are uncanny: he foresaw the invention of twentieth

century artifacts such as the trimphone, Y-front underpants, the personalised golf ball embosser and Travel Scrabble. He wrote his predictions in verse and we may still be shocked by their accuracy: for example, the First World War –

*Alle counteys joine inne a Fight to confuse,
Somme you winne, and Somme you lose...*

Then came his prediction of the election and office of President Reagan –

*And unto a White House his office to take,
There cometh a man who is yette a fruitcake...*

Finally and most strikingly of all –

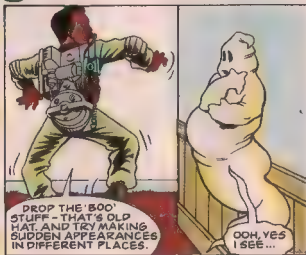
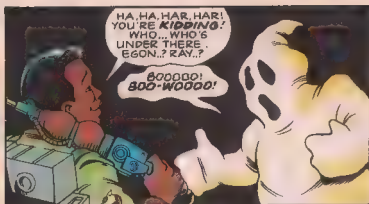
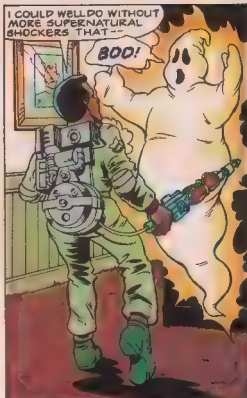
*Seven men, one without haire,
shall save them all from bandit care...*

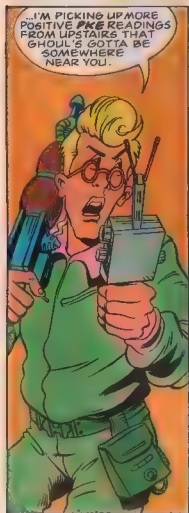
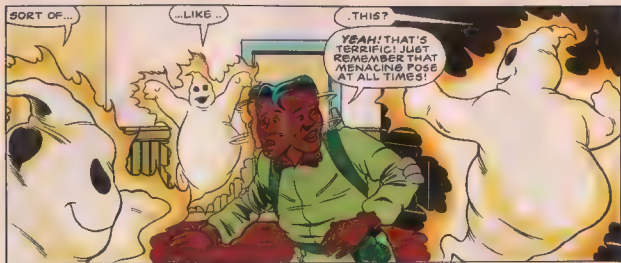
Which is clearly a prediction of the plot to *The Magnificent Seven*.

It is sad that the most earnest and dedicated investigators in this field are met with misunderstanding and disbelief. Even the Zeddmore family finally found their Uncle Jerome too much to take. One day he said he had dreamed that he had seen "...four men, dressed in overalls, holding sticks of lightning. One was my nephew Winston all grown up. They were hunting for ghosts..." The Zeddmore family immediately carted him off to the loony-bin.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Wow! What a lot of letters you've sent, folks! Great! There's no way I can print them all, so I'll spend this issue answering some of the more important questions. Keep the letters coming!

Dear Peter . . .

What do you mean when you say 'This ghost is history?'
—Iain Adair, Wakefield

When a ghost is history, it is defunct, busted, no longer with us, a goner, whatever you choose to say. It has ceased to be!

Can you tell me why you live in America?
—Thomas Bahr, Lincoln

Easy! Because I'm an American!

Why don't you let Janine become a Ghostbuster? I think that girls should be Ghostbusters too!
—Laura Watts, Middlesex

I wholeheartedly agree, Laura. Nothing would be nicer than being called out on a bust along with some gorgeous ladies rather than the three stoddies here, but if we make Janine a Ghostbuster we'd have no-one to take care of reception – and that in itself is a VERY important job. Ghostbusters without Janine to organize us all just doesn't bear thinking about! I'm sure if Janine wanted to bust a ghost nothing could stop her, besides she's probably made a few ghosts history in her time (on the quiet)!

Could you please ask Egon how many types of fungi he has and why he collects them?
—Chris Bartlett, Herts

I passed your questions on to Egon and he replied: 'My fungal collection is too vast and complex to give you an exact amount. Also it depends on how you define the word fungi and which species are included in whatever sub-divisions are decided. My interest in the subject stems from a dream I had when I was a child in which I was swallowed by a carnivorous mushroom, which in turn led me to develop fungaphobia, which was treated by exposure therapy. As part of this treatment, I was left in a room full of fungi for a week, and it was then that I discovered just what fascinating organisms they were, and how useful

they could be to the realms of science. 'Did you have to ask, Chris?

Does Slimer have a toothbrush, and how much hairspray do you use?
—Roly Grant, Hants

Slimer does have a toothbrush, but the only thing it's used for is cleaning out those slime stained little nooks and crannies around Ghostbusters HQ. As for your second question, I don't use hairspray, I'm far too cool for that. My shiny locks are held in place on a bust by a fashionably expensive protein sculpturing gel, besides I prefer to be wind swept and interesting!

I have five questions for you:

1. When is Slimer's bedtime?
 2. What is Slimer's favorite food and drink?
 3. Do you ever get fans crowding round for your autograph?
 4. Who does the cooking for you?
 5. What do you do when the ecto-containment unit is full?
- Paul Richmond, Middlesex

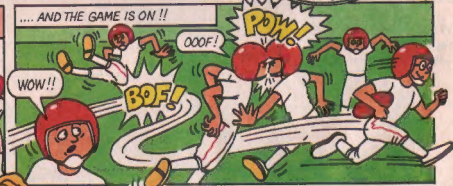
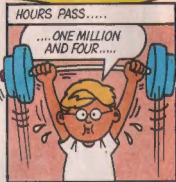
1. Slimer's bedtime is half past slime. 2. Are you kidding? Slimer will eat anything! 3. Gee, well, I'm such a cool guy, how can my fans resist? 4. Food at HQ doesn't usually last long enough to reach cooking stage. 5. That's one bridge we'll have to cross when we get to it!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

KRAFT TITANS

PRESENTS
A DREAM COMES TRUE

THE SCHOOL NOTICE BOARD.....



TITANS ARE AVAILABLE FROM YOUR SUPERMARKET FREEZER CABINET. IF YOU'D LIKE TO OWN AN AMERICAN FOOTBALL BOARDGAME, JUST SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH A CARDBOARD WRAPPER FROM A KRAFT TITANS BEEFBALL PACKET TO TITANS BOARDGAME OFFER, 154 GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM B33 HU.

NEXT ISSUE:

DOG SALIVA?



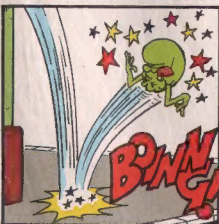
ECTO-SLIME?



...AND
WHAT'S THAT
SMELL!



BLIMEY!
IT'S...



Story and Art LEW STRINGER



COBRA RATTLER

Complete with
Vertical take-off, swivel
wings and pilot
Wild Weasel.

CUTTING ACROSS THE
BARREN SKIES ON HIS
MAIDEN FLIGHT, WILD
WEASEL, THE PILOT OF
THE COBRA RATTLER
SPIES HIS PREY!!!!

LOOK
THERE BELOW
WHAT THE...!

BANG!!!

THAT
SHOWED THOSE
SNAKES

H-A-V-O-C
AND THE VICTORIOUS
ACTION FORCE
WIN THE DAY...
... OR DO THEY?

H-A-V-O-C
(Heavy Articulated Vehicle
Ordnance Carrier)
Complete with
recon sled and driver
Cross Country.

**NEW
FROM**



AT A TOYSHOP NEAR YOU NOW!